KEESH.

Keesh lived long ago on the rim of the Polar sea. He was head man of his village through many and prosperous years, and when he died his name was on the lips of men. Only the old men now remember his name, his name and the tale, which they got from the old men before them, and which the old men to come will tell to their children and their children's children. And in the winter darkness, when the north gales make their long sweep across the ice pack and no man may venture forth, is the chosen time for telling how Keesh, from the poorest igloo, or snow house, in the village, rose to power and place over them all.

The father of Keesh had been a brave man, but he had met his death in a time of famine, in killing a great bear. The bear had much meat on him and the people were saved. Keesh was his only son, and after that time Keesh lived along and forgotten with his mother.

It was at a council one night in the igloo of Klosh-Kwan, the chief, that Keesh showed the manhood that stiffened his back. With the dignity of an elder, he rose to his feet and waited for silence amid the babble of voices.

"It is true that meat be apportioned me and mine," he said. "But it is oft-times the women spoke of the fresh-killed meat he had brought on his back. So the men departed, grumbling. Arrived at the spot they found not only the game, but saw that Keesh had quartered the beasts in true hunter fashion.

Thus began the mystery of Keesh, a mystery which deepened with the passing of the days. On his next trip he killed a young bear, and on the trip following a large male bear and his mate.

"Why dost thou hunt only bear?" Klosh-Kwan once ventured to ask him.

And Keesh made fitting answer: "It is well known that there is more meat on the bear."

There was talk of witchcraft. "He hunts with evil spirits," said some.

"Mayhap they be not evil, but good, these spirits," other people said. "It is known that his father was a mighty hunter. May not his father hunt with him? Who knows?"

None the less his success continued, and the less skillful hunters were often kept busy hauling in his meat. And in the division of it he was just. He saw to it that the last old woman and the last old man received a fair portion, keeping no more for himself than his needs required. And because of this, and of his merit as a hunter, as years went by, he was looked upon with respect. There was even talk of making him chief after old Klosh-Kwan, and because of the things he had done they looked for him to appear again in the council; but he never came. And they were ashamed to ask.

old and tough, this meat, and moreover, it has an unusual quantity of bones."

The hunters, grizzled and gray and lusty and young, were aghast. A boy that talked like a grown man and said harsh things to their very faces! But steadily Keesh went on:

"For that I know my father, Bok, was a great hunter I speak these words. It is said that Bok brought home more meat than any two of the best hunters; that with his own hands he attended to the division of it and that the least old woman and the last old man received fair share."

"Na! na!" the men cried. "Put the child out! Send him off to bed! He is no man that he should talk to men and graybeards!"

"Thou hast a wife, Ugh-Gluk," he said, "and for her dost thou speak. And thou, too, Massuk, a mother also, and for them dost thou speak. My mother has no one save me, wherefore I speak. Though Bok be dead because he hunted over-keenly, it is just that I, who am his son, and that Ikeega, who is my mother, should have meat in plenty in this tribe. I, Keesh, the son of Bok, have spoken!"

The anger boiled at white heat. They ordered him to bed, threatened that he should have no meat at all and promised him sore beatings. Keesh's eyes began to flash and the blood to pound darkly under his skin.

"Hear me, ye men!" he cried, "never shall I speak in the council again till the men come to me and say: 'It is well, Keesh, that thou shouldst speak.' Take this, now, ye men, for my last word. Bok, my father, was a great hunter. I, too, his son, shall go and hunt the meat that I eat. And be it known that the division of that which I kill shall be fair. No widow or weak one shall cry in the night because there is no meat. I, Keesh, have said it!"

Jeers and laughter followed him out of the igloo, but his jaw was set and he went his way, looking neither to right nor left.

"Mother," he said calmly, "I am going forth to hunt. Look not for me again until I come laden with meat enough for all; not until the old men shall say, 'Keesh is no child, and he is not a coward.'"

Then Ikeega answered him:

"My son, the spirit of your father is within you. It is well that you go, but hear first this counsel and the secret which I have from your father."

The next day he went forth along the shore line where the ice and the land met together. Those who saw him go marked that he carried across his shoulder his father's big hunting spear.

"He will be back ere long," they said cheerily to Ikeega.

But a day passed, and a second. On the third a wild gale blew, and there was no Keesh. The women blamed the men, and the men made no answer, but prepared to go in search of the body when the storm should pass.

The next morning Keesh strode into the village. Across his shoulders he bore a burden of fresh-killed meat, and there was importance in his step. "Go, ye men, with the dogs and sledges, and take my trail for the better part of a day's travel," he said. "There is much meat on the ice—a she bear and two half-grown cubs."

Ikeega was overcome with joy, but there was much doubt among the others. The killing of a polar bear is dangerous; thrice dangerous is it, and three times thrice, to kill a mother bear with her cubs. The men could not bring themselves to believe that the boy Keesh had accomplished it. Yet

And Keesh looked up and smiled. "Nay, Oh Klosh-Kwan. It is not for a boy to know aught of witches. I have but devised a means whereby I may kill the ice bear with ease, that is all. It is leadcraft, not witchcraft."

"And—and—and wilt thou tell us, Oh Keesh?" Klosh-Kwan finally asked in a tremulous voice.

"Yea, I will tell," Keesh answered. "If you journey one day and one night toward the north you come to a mighty cliff. Close along its base, where the snows sometimes melt, there grows a vine with heart-shaped leaves. Three of them will bring sleep to the eyes of the strongest bear, even as they say the leaves of the poppy will stupefy men in the southland. The vine is hard to discover. You may search long and perhaps dig deep beneath the snows ere you find it. But once found, take a small chunk of blubber, thus, wrap it around a leaf and let it freeze into a little round ball. Then, if one has the spirit of a man, and is no laggard, he may feed it to the bear. When the bear is very weary you kill him with a spear. It is quite simple."

Ugh-Gluk said "Oh!" and Klosh-Kwan said "Ah!" And everybody said something after their manner. And this is the story of Keesh, who lived long ago on the rim of the polar sea. Because he exercised headcraft and not witchcraft his tribe was prosperous, and neither widow nor weak one cried aloud in the night because there was no meat.

At the Big House.

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Mr. Hare, Mr. Wildcat and Mr. Otter.

When the groundhog had been duly examined and commented on the children hinted that they were ready for another story. Aunt 'Phrony at first refused, saying that it was time they were home tucked up in bed, ready for the nightly visit of the Sand Man. When they insisted that they were never wider awake in their lives, she said, "Well, mebbe you isn't sleepy, but mebbe I is. High time I knocked de ashes outen dis pipe an' hanged my ol' bones up on de baid." But finally she gave in to the combined persuasions of the three and consented to tell the story of the hare, the wildcat and the otter.

"One time," she began, "ol' Hyar' he wuz squanderin' roun' thu de woods wid a pipe stuck in his mouf, idlin' 'way de time, w'en all ter onct Mistah Wil'cat jump out f'um behime a big tree an' yell, 'Boo!' at him an' fetch a grab dat all but ketch him. Hyar' wuz sho'-'nuff s'prised dat time, but he gin a big jump ter one side an' lan'ed behime a tree an' stood dar ez still ez a mouse, sca'cely drorin' his bref in an' out, not dastin' even ter peek so's'ter see ef Wil'cat wuz still dar. He got mighty tired an' cramp' up befo' long, an' sezee ter hisse'f, 'Mussy me! w'at oon gin jes' ter wall my eye roun' dis tree an' see w'at dat mis'able creetur doin'. ain' year nair' sound'; mebbe he gone on. Ef he's tired ez w'at I is, I 'spec' he done gin de marter up an moseyed 'long ter git his vittles som'ers else.'

"Wid dat he stick his nose out ter see w'at gwine on, an' dat wuz 'nuff fer ol' Wil'cat; he jes' gin one monst'ous jump an' lan'ed right onter de Hyar', an' den dar wan't no sech thing ez gittin' 'way, I tell you. No use ter kick an' squall; dem claws jes' curled derse'fs right inter him an' stuck dar, much ez ter say, 'Yer we is, suh, now lessee you onloose yo'se'f.'

"Wil'cat hol' him up in front uv him an' talk 'way at him lak Hyar' wuz de pris'ner at de bar an' he wuz de jedge an' de jury an' de hull co'te th'owed in, an' ev'y now an' den he gin him a shake dat mek ev'y toof in his haid rattle lak de seed in a dry go'de. 'Uh-huh!' he say, sezee, 'I bin wantin' ter git my claws inter you dis long time! Meddle in urr folkses bizness, will you? Go roun' an' hunt up mischief an' play tricks on yo' betters, will you? You got a lot er gumption, I reckon; dey tells me you has, anyways; but dat ain' gwine do a man much good w'en his time comes; no pusson so smart dat he kin keep outen de sclutches uv ol' man Def, an' dat's right whar you is dis ve'y minnit, I tells you dat p'in'-blank, an' you'll know I bin tellin' you de trufe w'en I 'mence ter mek minch-meat uv you, w'ich is gwine be did dis ve'y minnit, ef not sooner.'

"Hyar' he feel kind er pa'lyze w'en he year dat sort er talk, but pres'n'y he pick hisse'f toge'rr, an' sezee, wid a mighty pleasin' smile, 'Mistah Wil'cat, dish yer yo' innin's, an' I reckon you gwine do w'at you please wid me; I ain' gwine 'spute dat, but I ax you dis, suh, is I a fitten dinner fer sech as you? Ain' I lean ez a razorback hog? Is I mo'n one good moufful, an' sca'cely dat? You kain't 'ny dat, suh. Now I ax you ter 'member de time w'en I done fill you up chock-full er tukkey, wid out you havin' no mo' ter do dan lay still an' let on you'se 'sleep w'iles I toll de tukkies up to you wid singin' an' darnsin'. I kin do dat ag'in, an' better'n dat. Jes' name yo' game, an' I'se de man whar kin git hit fer you. Don' be too modes', suh; big game er li'l game, hit's all de same ter me.'

"Wil'cat he study for a minnit an' den he say, 'Well, I'd lak mighty well ter git me a tas'e er deer meat onct mo'. So long sense I set my toofs inter a piece dat I 'clar' I mos' fergit how hit do tas'e. I bin livin' on shawt commons dis long time, an' I'se dat hongry I'se nigh 'stracted. Ef you kin git me some deer I gwine let you off dis time; but min' you, Mistah Hyar', no tricks 'bout dis er I frail you so hard you'll wish I'd et you up 'stidder clawin' you inter grape-vine strings. You know me, suh, an' you knows I don' stan' no trifiin'.'

"'Dat's all right, suh, dat's all right,' sez Hyar', sezee, 'jes' you come 'long er me an' I show you dat I'se a man er my wu'd. We gotter go down ter de place whar de deers come ter drink an' ter eat de moss, an' dar I gwine show you w'at I kin do, ef I is no mo'n a li'l shawt-tail runt; fer dat's w'at I year some er de folks bin callin' me. Step 'long dis way, suh, ef you please.'

"Dey went on down ter de branch whar de deers come ter drink, an' Hyar' he say, 'Now, Mistah Wil'cat, jes' you set dar in de bushes an' hide, an' I'll crope out on dat limb whar hang over de water, an' w'en de deer comes I'll jes' drap spang onter his back, an' w'en he 'mences ter r'ar an' splunge an' mek fer de bank, den's de time you mus' jump out an' nab him.' All de time he say ter hisse'f, 'Yas, lawd! an' w'en I onct git onter dat deer's back 'tain' gwine teck me long ter jump ter tu'rr bank an' git outer yo' way, suh!'

"Wil'cat he say, 'All right, suh, go ahaid. But min' you, fa'r play, now. None er yo' tricks an' traps wid me, er I gwine come a-rattlin' an' a-shattlin' down dar an' jes' natchelly scrape you inter fiddle-strings.'

"So Wil'cat he squat down in de bushes nigh de bank an' Hyar' he crope out on de limb, an' dey waited an' dey waited, 'twel Wil'cat wuz fair' frazzled. Las', yer come a deer lopin' down ter de water, an' he waded right in an drunk his fill an' den stood dar dippin' his haid in clean up ter de eyes, lookin' fer moss ter eat. Hyar' he 'low ter hisse'f, 'Um-humph! yer whar I gwine roust him outer dat in a hurry. Won' he wunner w'ats got him all uv a suddint?'

"He tucken de time w'en de deer's haid wuz un'need de water ter drap smack onter his back. Co'se de deer 'menced ter r'ar an' splunge an' Hyar' he scrabbled an' sclutched ter hol' on long 'nuff ter jump ter tu'rr bank, but lawsy! ol' man Deer jes' natchelly shuk him off inter de water an' den jumped fer tu'rr bank an' made off inter de woods.

"Hyar' he sez ter hisse'f, 'Now, did any pusson uver see de beat er dat onfren'ly Deer; 'gredge me a li'l foothol' on his back! Ef I wuz es big es w'at he is I sut'n'y con be es mean an' stingy wid my back es dat,' wanted, Oh Keesh, of thy manner of hunting. Is there witchcraft in it?'

"He 'gun ter sink 'bout den, an' he see dar wan't nuttin' fer hit but ter git drownded, so he sing out ter de Wil'cat fer he'p, but shucks; no cat's gwine git hits paws wet ef hit kin he'p, so he jes, turnt his back an' went off spittin' an' snarlin', 'kase he done los' his dinner.

"'Bout den 'long come a Otter down ter de bank, an' Hyar' he call out fer he'p. He say, sezee, 'Oh, Mistah Otter, he'p me outer dish yer pickle an' I gin you anything you wants; 'deed I will!'

"'W'at you gimme?' sez de Otter, sezee.

"'Sho'!' sez ol' Hyar', spittin' and sputterin' an' chokin', 'has I gotter drown w'ile I mek promusses? Git me outen dis an' den I mek any promuss you ax me to. Ef you gwine he'p me, man, he'p me dis ve'y minnit er hit be too late in de day, an' my def gwine be on yo' haid.'

"So Otter he swim in, 'kase he wuz a fus'-class swimmer, he wuz, an' fished ol' man Hyar' out an' set him on de bank at de aidge er de water. Dar he sot all weak an' trim'lin', no bigger'n a han'ful, but he wan't so fur gone but w'at dar wus plenty er 'havishness lef' in him yit, an' he say ter Otter, sezee, 'Please, suh, ter lemme run up de bank an' shake myse'f, so's'ter git some er de water outen my fur; 'pears lak I done soaked up de hull branch an' bringed hit out wid me.'

"'W'y sut'n'y,' sez de Otter, sezee, 'I knows you is a lan' man; an' co'se you ain' useter bein' in de water, co'se you don' fin' hit 'greeable. Jes' g'long an' shake hit outen you, an' I'll wait fer you yer on de bank.'

"Wid dat Hyar' went kitin' up de bank an' gin hisse'f a good shake an' den lipt inter de bushes, an' wuz off lak a house afire. 'Walt fer me on de bank, suh!' he sung out, an' he say ter hisse'f, 'Yas, suh, I 'spec' you walt fer me on dat bank one w'ile 'fo' you see me ag'in.'

"'Umph!' sez Otter ter hisse'f, 'umph! promuss me anything I want an' den not so much ez stop ter mek his manners! 'Pears lak 'twan't even a thanky job,' an' wid dat he went on 'bout his wu'k in de branch, 'kase he wuz mighty busy ketchin' fish fer his fambly, fer he wuz a gre't fisherman an' a pow'ful swif' swimmer an' cu'd jes' run a fish down in no time 't all. He ketched him two fish at onct an' tuck 'em in his mouf an' went inter his house, w'ich 'twuz a deep hole in de bank. But dough he kep' on 'bout his bizness, he ain' fergit dat trick uv ol' Hyar's, an' no mo' did Mistah Wil'cat, an' w'en dey tell tu'rr creeturs 'bout him dey all git mo' riled up 'gins' him dan befo', an dey ses, 'Now ain' dat de wus' trick yit? Done fool two 'spectable gemmen lak Mistah Wil'cat an' Mistah Otter at one an' de same time. Done prove hisse'f one time mo' ez slipp'y an' onreliable ez a eel; mo' chanct er missin' him dan er gittin' him. Nemmine, ef we jes' wait long 'nuff de time bounster roll roun' w'en we gwine git de unner-holt, an' den we'll jes' natchelly wipe up de yearf wid him befo' we wipes him clean offen de face er creashun.'

"An' now," concluded Aunt 'Phrony, "y'all chillen neenter pester me no mo' dis night, 'kase my ol' breens is so wo' out wid all dish yer tryin' ter 'member, dat ef you wuz ter crowd me any mo' right now dey mought crack an' let all de tales run out. Wi'yum, quit layin' yo'se'f all over dat flo', same ez a spraddle-bug, an' go an' git de lantu'n an' light dese chillen up ter de house. You year me, suh!"

An Indian Legend of the Mosquito.

There are pretty big mosquitoes in Jersey, but if report be true they have greatly degenerated in size and strength since the days when this legend was believed by many tribes of Indians.

The grandfather of all mosquitoes lived in the neighborhood of Onandago, N. Y. When he grew hungry he would sally forth and eat an Indian or two and pick his teeth with their ribs. The Indians had no arms that would prevail against this monster. They called upon the Holder of Heavens, who heard their prayer and came down and attacked the insect. Finding that he had met his match, the mosquito flew away. He flew around the great lake, turned eastward, sought help from the witches that inhabited the Green Lake and had reached Lake Onandago when his pursuer came up and killed him. The creature was a long time dying, piling into the sand on the shore in his death struggle.

As his blood poured forth on the sand each drop became a smaller mosquito. They gathered about the Holder of the Heavens and stung him so cruelly that he half repented the service he had rendered to the Indians.

The Tuscaroras say that two of the mosquitoes stood on opposite sides of the Seneca river and slew all who passed. Hiawatha killed them. A reservation stone marks the place where the Holder rested during his chase, and tracks were until lately seen south of Syracuse, alternated with the footprints of the mosquito. These footprints were shaped like those of a bird, and were twenty inches long. These marks were revered by the Indians for many years.

Children Who Are Never Kissed.

It is always a surprise to people to learn that there are millions of human beings who do not know what it is to kiss—Japanese, Chinese, many Africans, Malays, Burmese, many Esquimaux and the native races of North America. One reason given for this absence of kissing among the Japanese is that the women and girls have always used pigments to redden their lips, making kissing anything but attractive. A mother will bid good-bye to a young son who is going to Europe for years to be educated without an embrace of any kind. When children wish to greet a playmate they bend low, with their hands resting on their thigh and sliding them down to the knees as they utter their greetings. If the meeting takes place indoors the children kneel down upon the mats and bow until their faces touch the floor.

Chinese children clasp their hands in front of their breasts, then raise them to their faces and, inclining their heads, inquire if the others "have eaten rice." Grown people kneel and bump their heads in the ceremonial "kow-tow."

A Lad With an Appetite.

A Tartar boy was noticed by a traveler picking up bits of tallow dropped from a candle and eating them as you would candy. To see how much he would eat this man gave the whole candle. The boy was delighted and munched it down and eagerly looked for more. He was given a second and then a third candle when the man thought candles were too expensive to be gobbled up in this reckless fashion. He gave the boy, who was five years old, several pounds of sour frozen butter—dreadful stuff. The young Tartar ate it greedily. The traveler seeing that he was still hungry for more delicacies next offered a large piece of yellow soap.

Did the boy refuse this? Not he! He ate every bit of it and asked for more.

How Crocodiles Are Caught.

In some parts of India the natives dig a crocodile pit which they cover with sticks and leaves. The pit surrounds a little island or a mound of earth and is close to a stream where crocodiles abound. On this mound they fasten a young goat, and its bleatings through the night attract the crocodiles who break the frail floor of sticks with their heavy bodies and fall into the pit prepared for them.

THE BAKER'S DOZEN.

Boss Volckert Jan Pietersen van Amsterdam kept a baker shop in Albany more than two centuries ago. He was the man who invented New Year cakes and made gingerbread babies in likenesses of his own fat youngsters. He was a good churchman, but like many people at that time, believed in witches and lived in constant fear of being bewitched.

It was the last night of the year 1854 and this baker had perhaps taken an extra glass of spirits. His sales had been brisk and he was pleasantly meditating on the morrow's sales, for the knikkerbakkers (bakers of marbles) had already sent for a large supply of olie-koeks and mince pies. He was startled by the entrance of an ugly old woman, who, in a shrill unpleasant voice shouted, "Give me a dozen New Year cookies."

The baker gave her twelve.

"Give me another," she shouted. "One more—I want a dozen."

"If you want another you will have to go to the bad place to get it. I'll give you nor any one else but twelve cakes for a dozen. Clear out of here."

The woman left the shop. From that time Volckert Jan Pietersen van Amsterdam was bewitched. His cakes were stolen, his bread was so light it went up the chimney, or so heavy it fell through the oven. His wife became deaf, his children unruly, his trade went elsewhere. Three times the same old woman appeared, but was sent angrily away, Volckert little dreaming that she was the cause of all his ill-fortune.

When his affairs became so bad that he did not know what to do he called in the good Saint Nicolaus—the patron saint of Dutch feasts. This saint advised him to be more generous with his fellows. After a severe lecture on charity he vanished, the old woman appearing on the instant to take his place. As before, she asked for a dozen cakes and demanded one more when she had received the usual twelve. Volckert Jan Pietersen acutally gave it. She exclaimed, "The spell is broken. From this time a dozen is thirteen." Taking from the counter a gingerbread effigy of St. Nick she made the baker promise to give more liberal measure in the future, which he did. His good fortune returned to him and thirteen became the baker's dozen—in fact, the universal dozen until thirteen new states arose from the ruins of the colonies. The shrewd Yankees restored the original measure, when, twelve, not thirteen, was a dozen again.

A Prank of Long Ago.

Long, long ago church pews were made with very high backs, and tall doors guarded the entrances to them. Wood, then as now, expanded and contracted with the weather. Especially on damp, rainy days would these doors stick in a most annoying way. No special trouble was noticed from this cause, because many of the doors were left open, thus giving the pew frames a chance to give way a little. Only a slight tug or pull was necessary when the good folks assembled for service on Sunday mornings. Some lads noticed that if all the doors were shut the whole line would be so tightly pressed together that it would require the utmost strength of a man to open the doors. When were boys without mischief Not within the memory of man. These boys got into church before service, and by using their combined strength succeeded in closing every door. Then they awaited developments. One sedate churchgoer after another, after a struggle and an unbecoming redness of face, tried to enter through his pew door. It did not yield until a ripping squeak or a noise bang disturbed the quietness of the place. The boys ever after remembered the expanding power of wood, and the story is told to impress that fact instead of putting mischief into boys' heads. Pews are not made that way any longer, so there is a slight chance of the experiment being tried in our generation.

The Queerest City in the World.

The queerest city in the world is called Nang Harm, and is the home of the royal family of Siam. This city's queerness consists in its being a city composed of women and children alone. It is in the center of Bangkok, has high walls around it and in its population of 9,000 there is not a single man except the king, who occasionally visits it.

The name Nang Harm means "veiled women." There are shops, markets, temples, theaters, streets and avenues, parks, lakes, trees and flower gardens; a hall of justice, judges and executioner, police, generals and soldiers—all, from first to last—women.

The city needs no help from the outside world. Besides its shops for the sale of goods it has all sorts of mechanics, carpenters, jewelers, craftsmen, or to be more correct, craftswomen of every description. The only man in all Siam who can enter this city is the king. It is the home of his family and the family of the king before him. You know in Siam a man has several wives and a king as many as he pleases. Each wife has her own children and slaves, therefore a city is needed to give room for them all.

Children's Names in Syria.

In Syria the names of children are very odd. They suggest those of our Indians, inasmuch as the child's name is apt to be something which occurred at the time of its birth—something which interested the parents. For instance, if you were a child of this country your name in all probability would be "Stuffed Cabbage" or "Hotel" or "Civil War," or something akin to these. If a child falls sick his name is immediately changed. Instead of his parents thinking that a piece of pie or too much pudding disagreed with him they attribute his sickness to the fact that his name did not agree with him. When one understands what these names are one does not wonder that the child may have fallen sick because of them.

When the children get angry they call each other names very much as children have a habit of doing the world over. What is strange—to us—is that they do not heap abuse on their enemy, but on his father, grandfather or great-grandfather. The further back the angry one can go the more insulting his companion finds him.

About Cuttlefish.

Cuttlefish have many enemies, but nature has given them a means of defense desides its suckers and long arms.

There is a bag in the body of the fish full of a black fluid like ink. When the creature is frightened it throws out a quantity of this ink-like fluid. This renders the water about it so black that none can see where the fish is. Thus it makes its escape. The ink is called sepia and is very useful to artists in painting pictures.

Because of the great size and strength of the cuttlefish many wonderful stories are told about it. The Norwegians tell of these monsters, so large that their backs are often mistaken for islands. When they are covered with tangled sea weed the resemblance is even greater. Every now and then sailors seeing them would land on them and even light a fire to make themselves more comfortable. Of course, the fish would object when they felt the hot coals upon their backs and descending beneath the sea would take the mistaken sailors with them.

A Sleepy-Time Story.

Can't get to sleep, my little boy Phil?
I'll tell you a story if you'll keep still.

There once was a giant who grew so high
That he bumped his head on the evening sky;
And he thought a star was a firefly,
For it burned his ear and went whizzing by.

With one big gulp he swallowed the sea,
And left dry land where water should be;
And he said, "This drink tastes gritty to me."
He had swallowed clam shells and all, you see.

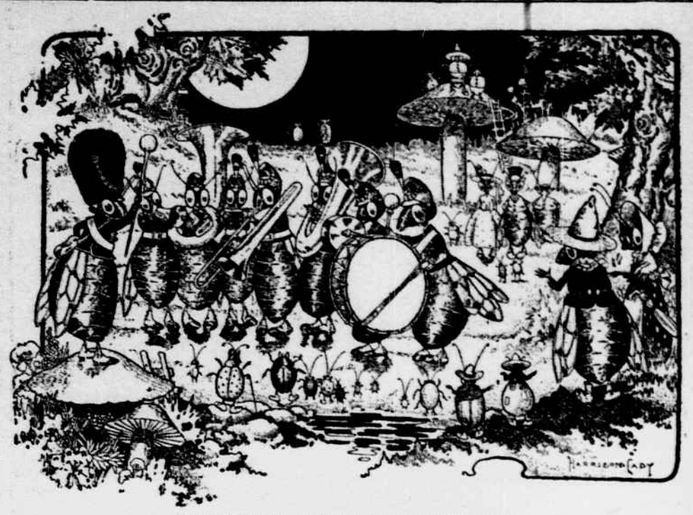
Huge roast turkeys were bites to him,
He swallowed a thousand and still was slim.
He ate green cheese from the moon's pale rim,
And that's why the moonlight has grown so dim.

He thought the mountains were ant hills, too,
So he trod them down with his monstrous shoe,
And then he cried for something to do,
He cried, "Oh, dear!" and he cried, "Boo hoo!"

Then he cried salt tears till an ocean grew
Where his tear drops fell—this is truly true—
A monstrous ocean, all white and blue!
But when he saw what his tears could do

He wiped his eyes on a big white cloud,
Then he wrung it out as he laughed aloud.
You thought it was thunder and hid your head
Under the sheets in the small white bed.

And out you did not dare to peep
Till the great big giant fell fast asleep;
A-sleep—a—sleep, a—sho—py sleep!
My boy and his giant are fast asleep.



THE MUSIC OF THE BEETLE BAND.

Oh, the Moon stoops low to listen from across the Milky Way,
And the festive Toadstools glisten when the Bugs begin to play.
You may rave about your music, on the sea or on the land,
There is none—for those who like it—that can beat the Beetle band.

The Boys of Ellen Street.

A Base Ball Story.

BY MARGARET L. WALLACE.

CHAPTER I.

The New Boy.

While Ellen street, in the New England city of Chesterton, was only a block long, and had only twenty houses on it, in those twenty houses lived thirty boys. To be sure the Browns all by themselves would go far toward furnishing a whole neighborhood with boys, for there were seven of them, from Fred, lately gone into business with his father, down to wee Malcolm, who was only three years old.

Then there were three of the Nelson boys, next door, two Loomises beyond that, and so it went all down the block. Some of them were babies, some nearly grown, but, as I said, there were thirty in all.

Girls? There was just one. Jean Brown was the nicest sister in the world, her brothers thought. She was pretty, jolly and always ready to join in a game, or sympathize in a trouble. But among all those others boys there was not one sister. Wasn't it a pity?

One of the four houses which had no boys in them was three doors below the Browns, whose big home, with half-wild garden and orchard, was on the corner. In it lived two old people, called by all the children Grandpa and Grandma Lewis. I suppose they felt a little left out, with no boy to tear up and down their stairs, or leave bits of string and wood on the piazza. Anyhow, one day in spring, when Bert Brown, who was twelve years old, and came about in the middle of the family, went past the Lewis house, he saw a boy swinging on the gate.

Bert stopped whistling and stared at the boy, who grinned. He was a jolly looking fellow, with freckles all over his nose and dimples in his cheeks. He stared back at Bert for a minute, and then said:

"Hello."

"Hello," answered Bert, amiably, "where did you come from? Goin' to live here?"

"Yep." The boy answered the latter question first. "I came from Pinetop, in New Hampshire."

"Any relation to Grandma Lewis?"

"How long has she been your grandma? Are you a cousin of mine?" The boy's dimples deepened as he spoke.

"If I am, you must be cousin to the whole thirty fellows on the block," laughed Bert. "No offense. We all call her grandma. She's such a nice, comfortable, grandma-like old lady," he explained.

The boy nodded.

"I'm not offended. She's my grandmother by blood, anyhow. Are there really thirty fellows on this block?" he asked interestedly. "Who's the captain of your ball nine?"

"Why—we haven't any nine," said Bert.

"Well, you are slow," said the boy. "I thought I should have to run to keep up when I got down here to the city, but I guess I shan't. Why, we've got a nine in Pinetop, and there are only ten fellows in the whole place."

There was such a good-humored twinkle in the new boy's eye that Bert couldn't get offended at being called slow. He laughed, as he asked:

"Who do you play against, then, in Pinetop?"

"The tenth fellow," answered the boy, serenely. Bert doubled up at this ridiculous answer, as the other went on, "Just look at that field over there. Wouldn't it make a dandy ball field?"

Opposite the Brown's house was a great meadow, level as a floor. Ellen street was on the outskirts of the town, and, as sometimes happens, in the building of a city, several of these fields, beside a good-sized patch of woods, were left amid the thickly populated streets. At one end of the field Bert turned to look at was a small group of trees, and as the new boy had suggested, it was evidently intended by nature for a base ball field.

"What's your name?" asked the new boy.

"Bert Brown. What's yours?"

"Johnny Lewis. Say, I've got five bats, want to see 'em?"

Johnny Lewis went to school the next day, where he soon proved that he could hold his own with fellows of his own age, thirteen. He was friends with every one of the boys and he talked base ball morning, noon and night.

With such an enthusiast present it is small wonder that a base ball nine was proposed on Ellen street before the week was out. They did a good deal of playing and soon decided to regularly organize.

"Get the fellows to meet tonight in our barn," directed Johnny Lewis. "Be sure Jack Nelson comes and Phil English and that red-headed fellow you call Pinky."

"He's Jack Trennam," said Jim Brown.

"Who's that fellow who lives in the little low house near the corner? I was talking to him this morning and——"

"Oh, we don't want Adolf Kleiner in our nine," said Bert Brown, frowning, and the others murmured assent.

"Why not?" demanded Johnny.

"Oh, he's no fun. We never had much to do with him. He's always staying at home with the baby and he works in the grocery on Saturdays and wouldn't be able to play then, anyhow."

"He could play other afternoons. He seemed all right to me," said Johnny Lewis. His clear gray eyes somehow made Bert a little ashamed of having no better reason for disliking Adolf, but he persisted and the others—five of them gathered on the Brown piazza—agreed with him, declaring that none of the boys liked Adolf Kleiner, and he probably couldn't play ball, any way.

Johnny wondered for a minute if these jolly new friends of his were snobs. Then he looked at Billy McCormick's patched knickerbockers and decided that was not it. Billy, son of the washerwoman who lived in a wee house next the Lewis, was extremely popular. Johnny saw plainly that Adolf was not, however, so he stuck his hands in his pockets, whistled long and shrill and capitulated.

"It can't be because his clothes are funny," said Johnny to himself, as he went home, "because my own are sorter funny, and they seem to like me all right. I guess they've just got a prejudice against him." And that was exactly the truth.

Johnny Lewis' clothes were, to be sure, country made, but his bright eyes, broad shoulders and merry laugh had already won him so many friends that at the meeting in the barn that night he was chosen captain and manager of the new base ball nine. There were two or three dissenting votes, but the majority ruled.

Up to this time Elton Parker had been the acknowledged leader of the Ellen street boys. He was taller and older than most of them and a winner at all games. He had confidently expected to be chosen captain of the nine, and his disgust and chagrin were great, when, from the first, Johnny Lewis proved such a formidable rival. Two or three of his most faithful followers were for him, but the rest of the Ellen streets, as the boys called themselves, were for Johnny.

Jim Brown was chosen right fielder, and long-legged Billy McCormick left fielder. Mickey McCormick was first base, Jack Nelson second, Pinky Trennam, third. Johnny was center fielder and blackeyed Jose Alvarez, short stop. The two pitchers, Elton Parker and Phil English, were elected, just as white-haired, smiling old Mrs. Lewis appeared, bearing a tray on which were gingerbread and cookies in generous platefuls. Behind her, carrying a pitcher of lemonade, came a slender girl, whom most of the boys knew, Johnny's sister, Mary. She was already fast friends with Jean, who had welcomed her with great delight, declaring that one girl was worth a dozen boys. "On Ellen street, at least," she had added.

Elton Parker said good-night to the fellows after the meeting, without lingering to talk it over. He was angry and disappointed as he frowningly entered his home, slamming the front door and hanging up his hat with a jerk.

His frown faded as a sudden patter of little feet was heard and a baby boy, rosy and warm from his crib, appeared, flinging fat arms about Elton's knees and cooing, "Up, Elly up, take Willy."

It was a different Elton who picked up his dearly loved baby brother and in frolic with him forgot for a time his anger.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD LITTLE CITIZEN.

Scrub, scrub, scrub with water, brush and soap.
Rub, rub, rub; you'll get it clean I hope.

This is a picture of a little girl who was much interested in "civic improvement," which teaches people to be proud of their own towns and do everything they can to make them beautiful and clean. She believed that "cleanliness begins at home," and to set a good example to the neighbors

she cleaned up her little yard, took away all the old paper and sticks and rubbish and then, borrowing her mother's scrub brush and pail, she began war on the dirty fence boards.

Surely we ought to be proud of this young citizen who works so hard to make a "city beautiful."

How Dorothy Spelled It.

When Dorothy went off to the mountains for her vacation Uncle Hal made her a present of a kodak, telling her that he would have her photographs developed and printed if she sent the films to him. A week or so later a package arrived with a letter. This is what Uncle Hal was told to do.

"Dear Uncle: Please have these films developed for me. Dorothy."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and my finals spell our present pleasures:

1. Griefs. 2. To take possession of by force. 3. Remembrance. 4. A biographical memorial. 5. To protect. 6. June flowers.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant in "cracked." 2. A receptacle of tin. 3. A heavenly body. 4. A fine white lined fabric. 5. Courage. 6. To fasten. 7. A consonant in "cracked."

WORD SQUARE.

1. Imprudent. 2. Part of a wagon. 3. Sluggish. 4. Cut down.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead:

1. Lively and leave danger.
2. A mental disorder and leave to ruin.
3. Pure and leave thin.
4. A small insect and leave a meadow.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters and spell a holiday near at hand.
My 5, 2, 8 is a stream of light.
My 1, 4, 3, 3, 8 is a part of a hall.
My 7, 6, 2 is a girl's name.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

The primals of the words defined below spell a healthy food.

1. Not old. 2. Circular. 3. Not above. 4. To urge forward. 5. To torment.

DIAMOND.

1. C
2. TRY
3. CREEK
4. YET
5. K

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

1. G—rat—e. 2. C—rum—b. 3. P—lung—e. 4. C—rue—l.

DIAGONAL.

1. Flame
2. tAble
3. raMble
4. bonOr
5. condUct
6. canvaS

WORD SQUARE.

1. NEAT
2. EACH
3. ACHE
4. THEN

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

1. Bella
2. Apple.
3. Trust
4. Heavy
5. Ignore
6. Noisy
7. Grape.

BATHING.

CHARADE.

Neighborhood (neigh-bore-hood).